

Good Morning 344

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Here's news and a photo from "35" A.B. Roy Haygarth

IN pouring rain, we went to 35, Finsbury-road Walker, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and saw your aunt, Mrs. Nora Hodgson, who was sitting down by the fire after having her lunch.

It was really a household of great activity for Jean was busy altering a frock at the sewing machine, whilst Bobby was at the back of the house, covered all over in grease and oil, taking his bicycle to bits.

Just as the "Good Morning" photographer was going to take a picture of Jean at the machine, in came Bobby and started a fight with her. The result can be seen in this picture, and you may guess who won.

Your aunt has a message for you, Roy. She says she has seen quite a lot of Joyce... you know THE Joyce... lately. She and her girl friend have been around a lot. They have been to South Shields, Durham and the Ice Rink, and both hope to see you soon, for one of those real old-time nights.

Remember George Errington? He has just been home on leave and looks fine and fit.

As you know, Cupid has paid a visit to "35" recently. Your brother and his wife have just returned from their honeymoon at Cambridge.

They were disappointed that you were unable to be home for the wedding, but hope to see you soon.

Jean has now left school

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Don't Be a Sucker, Brother! It's 649,740 to One

MAYBE it isn't fair to blame all troops in "E.T.O." (European Theatre of Operations) for the present poker craze that is putting many thousands a week into the pockets of a few crooks.

But the blunt truth is that men and women of several nationalities are the organisers of illicit poker-dives, where American and British serving men, mostly junior officers, are fleeced after gay parties. It is the craze for poker which makes them easy suckers for the organisers of these swindles.

Remember that, even if a game isn't cooked, the odds against getting a winning poker hand are tremendous.

THE odds against getting one of these hands in the first five cards at poker are:—

Royal Flush	649,740 to 1
Straight Flush	64,974 to 1
Fours	4,165 to 1
Full House	694 to 1
Flush	508 to 1
Straight	254 to 1
Threes	47 to 1
Two Pairs	20 to 1

Even with a properly conducted game, you must have the cards and you must know how to bet when you've got them. If they are not dropping your way, you need to be a first-class player not to lose a lot of money.

With stud poker, each player puts up an equal amount for the pool, or one may put up for all in turn as in straight poker.

The dealer gives one card to each player in turn, face down, beginning with the one on his left. He then gives one each a card face up. The player

with the best first card showing must make a bet or throw down his cards. If he passes out, the next best card bets or passes, and so on.

Any bet may be called or raised by any other player who still holds cards. When the bets are equal, another card is dealt to each of those still in the pool, also face up, and the betting is resumed. You will easily see from this that the chances of winning are pretty small even in a straight game, unless luck is with you; and if the cards are rigged, then you cannot hope to win.

At these new gambling dives, at which gambling for high stakes, excessive drinking and indiscriminate mixing of young "hostesses" from West End haunts take place, all the tricks are tried.

At one of these week-end parties, held under the aus-

AGAINST you

PETER DUGAN TAKES LID OFF PHONEY POKER

pices of a young married woman who acted as "hostess" to some fifty couples, baccarat, chemin-de-fer and poker were played, and stakes mounted as the night went on to several hundreds of pounds. One subaltern paid in cash £67 of his losses and gave a cheque for the balance amounting to £130.

A young American top-sergeant won the first three hands, as though by some lucky fortune (it can only be assumed that the operators worked the cards in his favour to egg him on to a higher stake—a trick which, in fact, is very seldom done), but finished up the night £73 down, which he paid in £1 notes with a good grace.

Most of these gambling parties are held in the suburbs; in the London area they go as far afield as Staines, Marlow, and Henley. In the Birmingham area they frequent country houses out towards Rednal, while in Manchester houses in the Bury and Belmont directions are favoured. The transport difficulties are eased where U.S. petrol or Jeep or Command-car transportation is officially available for social reasons; if not, British hire-cars are used, for the cost doesn't matter.

Few of the young women hostesses who are to be seen night after night at these parties have ever registered for call-up at a Ministry of Labour Exchange. They become "paying guests" at one of the numerous guest-houses in the fashionable areas favoured by the evacuee gambling-dive organisers.

Their landlords are not obliged to return an hotel or boarding-house form for people staying with them. Other girls, to avoid call-up, shift from one hotel to another, never staying more than four nights, so

that they dodge even the necessity for producing a ration book. When things get too hot, they move off to another district and work the same trick.

High stakes and profitable gambling, even where the game is not rigged, are eased by heavy drinking. In many of these dives it would be difficult for the police, on a raid, to prove that the games were rigged. When there is excessive drinking it is often not necessary to rig the games in order to reap a heavy profit.

Drinks of most kinds are practically unlimited at these parties, the stock being bought at high prices from ex-auction and similar channels. The usual practice is that early in the evening men buy wines or spirits by the bottle. Specimen prices are: Brandy (not standard brands) £6, whisky £5, white wines (usually cheapest sauternes or Algerian, the maximum controlled price of which is 8s. 6d.), £3 to £4. Beer, 3s. a bottle.

Later, guests are told, "Sorry, you can only have drinks by the glass, as we're running short." Prices then are: Small brandy, 10s., single gin or whisky, 7s. 6d., Algerian wine, 6s. 6d. per tot glass!

With prices such as these, a poker game doesn't have to be rigged to make a profit. Two of the partners at each table may be in the organisation, in which case it's 649,740 to one against you that in the first five cards a Royal Flush will turn up in your favour.

Even if the gambling dive is run honestly, there's a fat profit. Even if... so—don't be a sucker, brother—there are plenty of honest pubs and honest people still left. Give a wide berth to the others.

POST WAR PEDAGOGUE PLANNING?

HOWS this for a piece of post-war planning for pedagogues?

From America comes the news that at the Catholic Central High School, in Pittsburg, they are cutting down on Caesar, Virgil and Cicero to make way for such succulent morsels as this:

Depone sclopetum
Depone cara
Sclopetifera mama
Pone sclopetum.

We know it as "Pistol Packin' Mama!"

Can we take it that our children, instead of wondering where Caesar wintered his troops during some campaign of the Gallic Wars, or what Queen Dido said to Aeneas, will, while busy at homework suddenly say

"Hey, play us the second and third lines of that boogey-boogey thing on the piano, Dad, I don't seem to be able to find the verb?"

Asks Elryn Rose

Now it is customary for us to hold the book while one of our intelligent offspring chants the third singular, Present, Perfect, Imperfect and Subjunctive of some French irregular verb.

Dare we hope that ultimately, Concise French Grammars will be dispensed with to make way for some of the more vivid and infinitely more interesting cabaret songs from our charming neighbours across the Channel?

Perhaps, while they improve their minds and acquaint themselves with grammatical intricacies, our children are destined to provide their long-suffering parents with a little light entertainment. Could be, may be!

PETER VINCENT TELLS YOU TO-DAY

What it's like, testing a Stirling

WE bumped across the aerodrome on to the runway, and turned, head on, into the wind. The two pilots locked their safety straps and parachute harness, and gave the instrument readings a final scrutiny. The test pilot asked: "Is the rear door closed?" It was.

I was a passenger in a Short "Stirling" Bomber delivered from the factory a few hours previously. It was being examined by technicians, while undergoing its first test flights.

There was a hiss of compressed air, engines revved to peak, and we accelerated across the airfield, passing the Control Tower on our left, and reaching a maximum velocity of about 110 m.p.h. before becoming airborne. The big wheels retracted, and we skimmed over a road and some hedges. I was standing behind the test pilot as we climbed steeply to about 700 feet, and straightened out. Looking out of the cabin window, I could see, behind me, the fuselage, painted black, except

for a strip of khaki camouflage along the top. The exhausts of the four radial engines, red hot, were covered with protruding spikes, to increase their surface area, and facilitate cooling. They shivered with the engines' vibrations.

We started to climb, turning in very wide circles, going through thin layers of clouds. Way down on my left, through a gap in the clouds, I could see our factory, with toy-like bombers standing outside. One of the technicians shouted in my ear, "Tell them we'll be down in time for tea."

I raised my eyebrows questioningly. He pointed. I was leaning on to an Escape Hatch of the "Kick Out" and Jump variety. I moved. All this time the crew had been noting, and recording, oil pressures, temperatures, fuel consumption, and r.p.m. of each engine. The test pilot turned to a technician, who was recording oil pressure readings, and said "How is it?" He replied: "Starboard 2 is still a bit high, but she'll be all right in a minute."

Behind them, the "flower pot" was empty, its guns pointing at the sun. We banked in a series of steep turns, the pilots testing the various controls, air frames, controlled surfaces, rudder trimming tabs, etc. About 10,000ft. below, we could now see some moth trainers crawling around over their aerodrome.

The engines were continually being revved up and throttled down. Occasionally, we hit a small air pocket and dropped a few feet. The two pilots had a panel of instruments and coloured levers in front of them, which were adjusted accordingly. The technicians, who concentrated on an instrument panel behind our compartment, frequently consulted the pilots.

One of the port engines was showing too much petrol consumption; a few yellow levers were promptly moved, and the fault corrected.

We circled, rapidly losing height. The swishing noise made by the nose of the plane hitting the air at speed, died

down. The revs were increased, and the pitch of the blades altered to give us more pulling power. The undercarriage was lowered when we were half a mile away from our field. The nose was pointed to the place where we had started our take-off, and pulled level about 50ft. above the runway. We quickly lost height and glided in.

We didn't touch down. The plane was riding on a current of hot air, rising from the sun-scorched asphalt runway, and would not sink. We waited for a second or two. (It seemed longer!) Then we felt the plane hit the runway with a skid and a bump.

We scrambled out—the test was over. Our bomber was ready for action. Soon it will be raiding, and it will not fail the crew who fly it.

The test pilot wiped his face with his hand, and lit a cigarette. "Well, I think that's all right," he said. The other pilot answered, "Yes, I think it's O.K."

They don't talk much.

JS Newcombe's Short odd—But true

The Treaty Ports of China and the cession of Hong Kong to England followed the destruction in 1840 of a number of British vessels carrying opium into Chinese ports.

Reading the Riot Act is occasionally resorted to by magistrates, justices of peace, sheriffs or mayors, when a breach of the peace is threatened. It commands a crowd of twelve or more persons to disperse, and anyone refusing can be arrested and imprisoned for a long term.

At one time there was in Scottish churches a seat near the pulpit, known as the Stool of Repentance, on which persons guilty of moral lapse were ordered to sit in expiation during service.

"This Infamous Order"

"NOW then," the young man coolly remarked, whilst the crowd was rushing into the principal gate of the Town Hall, "it seems the question will be discussed indoors, Captain. Come along, and let us hear the debate."

"Oh, Monseigneur! Monseigneur! Take care!"

"Of what?"

"Among these deputies there are many who would have had dealings with you, and it would be sufficient that one of them should recognise Your Highness."

"Yes, that I might be charged with having been the instigator of all this work; indeed, you are right," said the young man, blushing for a moment from regret of having betrayed so much eagerness. "From this place we shall see them return with or without the order for the withdrawal of the dragoons, and then we may judge which is greater, Mynheer Bowelt's honesty, or his courage."

"But," replied the officer, looking with astonishment at the personage whom he addressed as Monseigneur, "but Your Highness surely does not suppose for one instant that the deputies will order Tilly's horse to quit their post?"

"Why not?" the young man quietly retorted.

"Because doing so would simply be signing the death-warrant of Cornelius and John De Witte."

"We shall see," His Highness replied, with the most perfect coolness; "God alone knows what is going on within the hearts of men."

The officer looked askance at the impassable figure of his companion, and grew pale; he was an honest man as well as a brave one.

From the spot where they stood, His Highness and his attendant heard the tumult

and the heavy tramp of the crowd on the staircase of the Town Hall. The noise thereupon sounded through the windows of the hall, on the balcony of which Mynheers Bowelt and d'Asperen had presented themselves. These two gentlemen had retired into the building, very likely from fear of being forced over the balustrade by the pressure of the crowd.

After this, fluctuating shadows in tumultuous confusion were seen flitting to and fro across the windows; the council-hall was filling.

Suddenly the noise subsided; and as suddenly again it rose with redoubled intensity, and at last reached such a pitch that the old building shook to the very roof.

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 7

At length the living stream poured back through the galleries and stairs to the arched gateway, from which it was seen issuing like waters from a spout.

At the head of the first group a man was flying rather than running, his face hideously distorted with satanic glee; this man was the surgeon Tyckelaer.

"We have it! We have it!" he cried, brandishing a paper in the air.

"They have got the order!" muttered the officer in amazement.

"Well then," His Highness quietly remarked, "now I know what to believe with regard to Mynheer Bowelt's honesty and courage: he has neither the one nor the other."

Then, looking with a steady glance after the crowd which was rushing along before him, he continued:

"Let us now go to the Buitenhof, Captain; I expect we shall see a very strange sight there."

The officer bowed, and, without making any reply, followed in the steps of his master.

There was an immense crowd in the square and about the neighbourhood of the prison. But the dragoons of Tilly still kept it in check with the same success and with the same firmness.

It was not long before the Count heard the increasing din of the approaching multitude, the first ranks of which rushed on with the rapidity of a cataract.

At the same time he observed the paper which was waving above the surface of

clenched fists and glittering arms.

"Halloa!" he said, rising in his stirrups and touching his lieutenant with the knob of his sword; "I really believe these rascals have got the order."

"Dastardly ruffians, they are!" cried the lieutenant.

It was indeed the order, which the burgher-guard received with a roar of triumph. They immediately sallied forth, with lowered arms and fierce shouts, to meet Count Tilly's dragoons.

But the Count was not the man to allow them to approach to within an inconvenient distance.

"Stop!" he cried. "Stop, and keep off from my horse, or I shall give the word of command to advance."

"Here is the order," a hundred insolent voices answered at once.

He took it in amazement, cast a rapid glance on it, and said quite loud:

"Those who have signed this order are the real murderers of Cornelius De Witte. I would rather have my two hands cut off than have written one single letter of this infamous order."

And, pushing back with the hilt of his sword the man who

wanted to take it from him, he added:

"Wait a minute; papers like this are of importance, and are to be kept."

Saying this, he folded up the document and carefully put it in the pocket of his coat.

Then, turning round towards his troop, he gave the word of command:

"Tilly's dragoons, wheel to the right!"

After this, he added in an undertone, yet loud enough for his words to be not altogether lost to those about him:

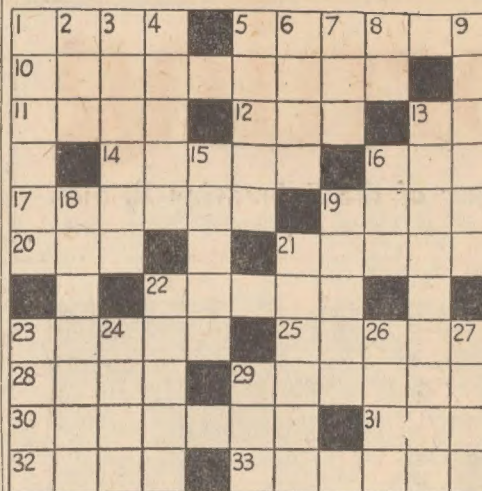
"And now, ye butchers, do your work!"

A savage yell, in which all the keen hatred and ferocious triumph, rife in the precincts of the prison, simultaneously burst forth, and accompanied the departure of the dragoons as they were quietly filing off.

The Count tarried behind, facing to the last the infuriated populace, which advanced at the same rate as the Count retired.

John De Witte, therefore, had by no means exaggerated the danger, when, assisting his brother in getting up, he hurried his departure. Cornelius, leaning on the arm of the

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Crane.
- 5 Rascals.
- 10 Upsets.
- 11 Sample.
- 12 Hit lightly.
- 13 Small county.
- 14 Made of certain wood.
- 16 Seed container.
- 17 Store place.
- 19 Heed.
- 20 Newt.
- 21 Muscular.
- 22 European.
- 23 Correspond.
- 25 Collected.
- 28 Wind instrument.
- 29 Dance.
- 30 Launched.
- 31 Pondle.
- 32 Opening.
- 33 Showy.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Philal.
- 2 Girl's name.
- 3 Account.
- 4 Awe.
- 5 Actor.
- 6 Fish measure.
- 7 Insect.
- 8 Manuscript.
- 9 Cloth.
- 13 Fellow members.
- 15 Irish county.
- 16 Pasty.
- 18 Courteous.
- 19 Gold.
- 21 Indian state.
- 22 Tightening-wedge.
- 23 Gentlemen.
- 24 Diving bird.
- 26 Peaked hat.
- 27 Does of old.
- 29 Entreat.

BALM PENCIL
AVAILABLE ADO
CORN WINDER
HIKED DAI
D RUM WISE
C BANANAS
EVIL POT N
LID W BESE
LODGER ROVE
ALE LOBELIA
RANKLE DESK

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman



BREAKFAST WITHOUT BACON.

An ostrich goes out and lays an egg—and that one egg contains as much meat as twenty-three hen's eggs. This Masai hunter of Central E. Africa doesn't look too pleased with his find, for instead of one breakfast of twenty-three hen's eggs he found three times that, and he is wondering which one he will start with. It looks like a toss-up.

JANE



QUIZ for today

1. Basalt is a spice, architectural term, wild flower, rock, sweetmeat, fish?
2. Who wrote (a) The Purple Land, (b) The Land of Promise?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Ocarina, Sackbut, Oboe, Concertina, Clafinet, Tambourine, Serpent?
4. How many umpires are used in (a) Polo, (b) Hockey?
5. What writer was known as the Shirra?
6. What is the difference between assault and battery?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Screever, Sculp, Scend, Samphire, Sammovar, Segmant, Sediment?
8. From what plant do we get tapioca?
9. For what is John Wilkes Booth notorious?
10. When and where was the first steam-driven vessel used by the Navy in war-time?
11. What is the capital of Lithuania?
12. Name three fish whose names begin with S.

Answers to Quiz in No. 343

1. Polecat.
2. (a) J. M. Barrie, (b) John Masfield.
3. Gaslight is artificial; others natural.
4. One—Vesuvius.
5. Polo.
6. Ekberg, a New Zealander, in 1880.
7. Therapeutic, Tendancy.
8. Beetroot soup, popular in Russia.
9. Sir Hyde Parker.
10. A wild grass.
11. Riga.
12. Veronica, Vetch, Vervain, Valerian, Violet, Viburnum, Verbascum, Verbena, Viper's Bugloss, Venus's Comb, etc.

USELESS EUSTACE



"H'm. 'E would be two coupons short now I can't get the perishin' things off!"

The two brothers looked first at each other and then at Rosa, with a glance full of the most tender gratitude.

The question is now," said the Grand Pensionary, "whether Gryphus will open this door for us."

"Indeed, he will do no such thing," said Rosa.

"Well, and how, then?"

"I have foreseen his refusal, and just now, whilst he was talking from the window of the porter's lodge with a dragon, I took away the key from his bunch."

"And you have got it?"

"Here it is, Mynheer John."

"My child," said Cornelius, "I have nothing to give you in exchange for the service you are rendering us, but the Bible which you will find in my room; it is the last gift of an honest man; I hope it will bring you good luck."

"I thank you, Master Cornelius, it shall never leave me," replied Rosa.

And then, with a sigh, she said to herself, "What a pity that I do not know how to read!"

"The shouts and cries are growing louder and louder," said John, "there is not a moment to be lost."

(To be continued)

Answer to Garden Tour Puzzle in No. 343. Junctions 8 and 9.

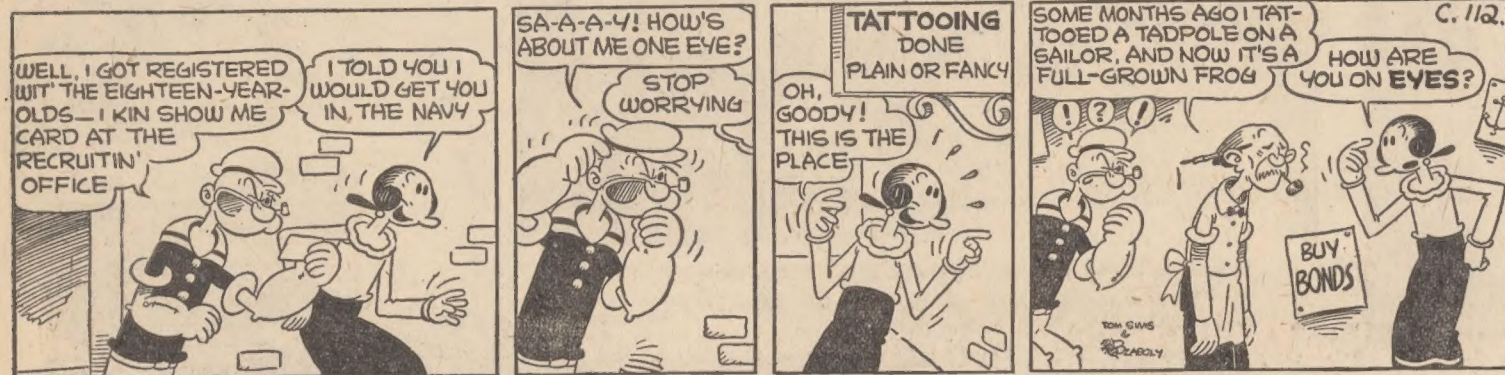
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



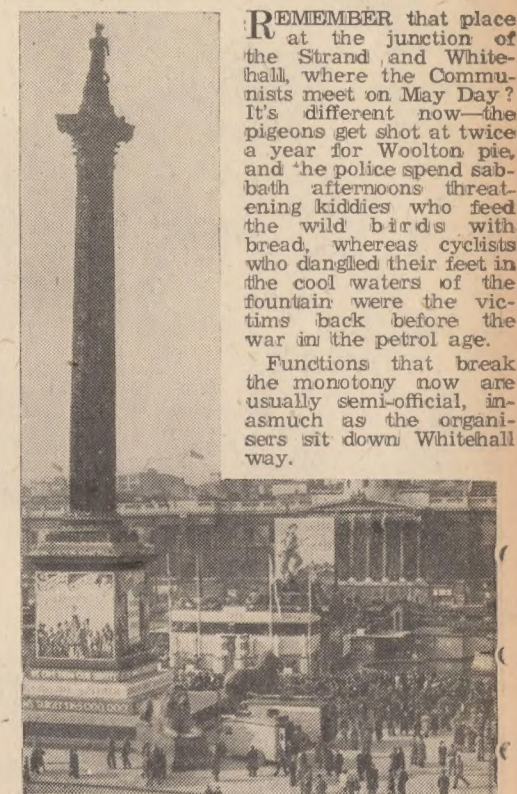
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



REMEMBER that place at the junction of the Strand and Whitehall, where the Communists meet on May Day? It's different now—the pigeons get shot at twice a year for Woolton pie, and the police spend sabbath afternoons threatening kiddies who feed the wild birds with bread, whereas cyclists who dangled their feet in the cool waters of the fountain were the victims back before the war in the petrol age.

Functions that break the monotony now are usually semi-official, inasmuch as the organisers sit down Whitehall way.

THE National Savings Committee has held the platform half a dozen times—Warships Week, Merchant Navy Week, Wings for Victory Week, and, most recent of all, Salute the Soldier Week.

Lord Nelson was well covered that week—a 3.7 anti-aircraft gun, mounted in front of the National Gallery, pointed at the Admiral's head for seven days and seven nights. But his Lordship appeared undisturbed—if anything, he was prouder with the Army at his feet.

EACH day, actresses and admirals, bishops and bores, ministers and mayoresses talked and sang and appealed to the millions to exchange their sixpences and half-crowns for savings stamps and certificates that represented bayonets and bullets.

The Londoner dug deep that week to top the target of one hundred and sixty-five million pounds. Naturally, they got a bull, and had some shots in hand. A coloured American private leaning around a selling booth in Trafalgar Square was surprised to see so much money going over the counter. "You Limies sure can spend dough when you want something," he croaked. A Red Cross nurse saleswoman told him that was so, and the Yank bought some stamps, too.

A million pounds was the target of slum Stepney. That amount and forty-two thousand pounds more was in the coffers within twenty-four hours of the starting pistol. The despised East-Enders evidently wanted the war to end, and thought lending a better instrument than grumbling.

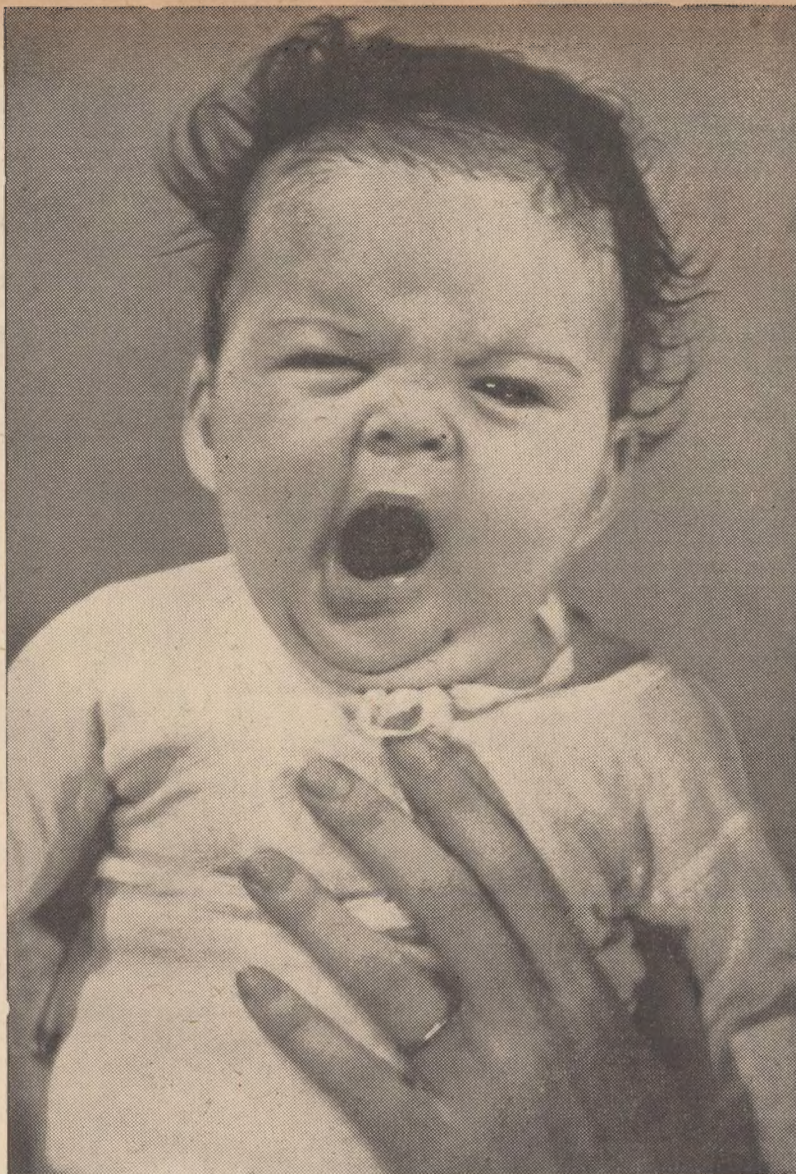
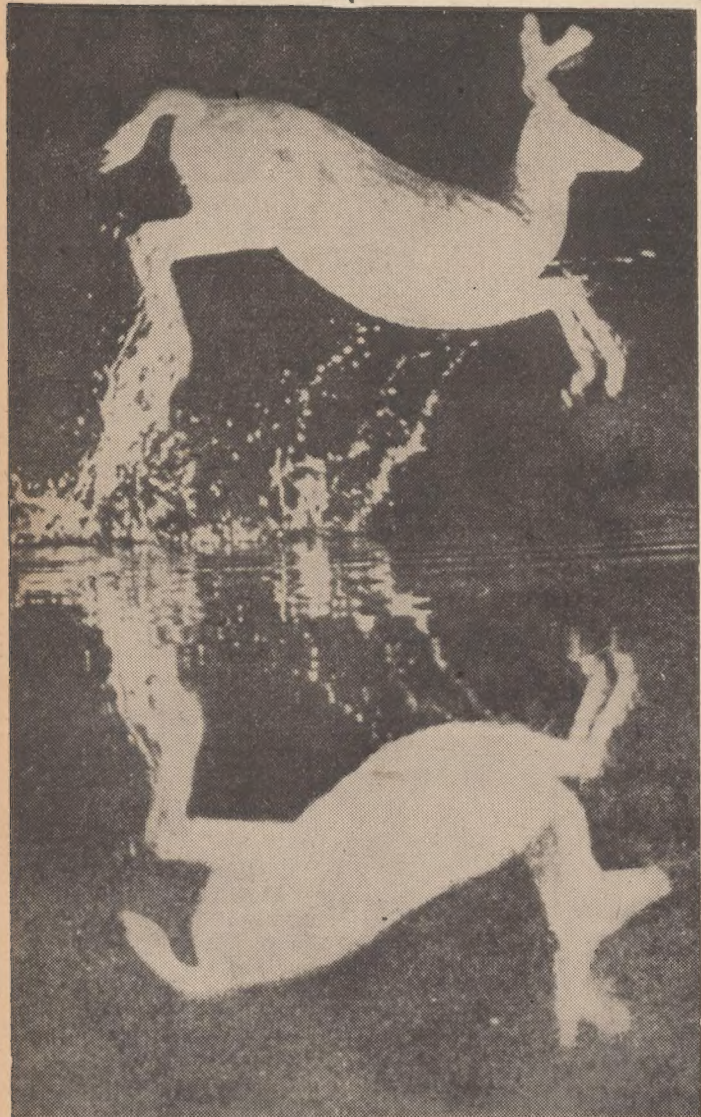
THEN the week closed in London, and, like a theatrical show, toured the provinces. The old square was stripped of all its bunting and banners, and in the evenings boys and girls were once more able to sit huddled on the seats and toss pebbles at the fountain jets; tramps were able to cut their bread with their penknives and eat at their leisure, and the London policeman was restored his duty of chasing child corn-chuckers.

REMINDING me of the high-speed film developers at Southend and Blackpool, who prominently display the promise that films will be returned printed in eight hours, is a shop-front notice in suburbia. It reads: "We guarantee to sell your house within forty-eight hours!" I can think of no more direct pointer to the present house famine, and this is nearly twenty miles from Ludgate Circus. Ruislip (pronounced by residents Ryeslip), which has the Orchard Hotel and the George and a tiny pub, would be snootiest of all London suburbs; such notices as this, though, Commercial-roadise the place.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

A fawn leaps for safety under the flashlight of our photographer.



"Cor blimey! Can't youse guys see when a fellar's had enough and wants to hit the hay?"

"Big Bridlington Boy is my name since you ask, sir."



This England

The Tudor dwellings of our forefathers slope towards the Fifteenth Century St. Mary Steps—one of Exeter's beautiful parish churches.



And let me slope towards you, brothers.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Slope away, sister."